



[The Scars of Hate](#)

This poem is related to the play Romeo and Juliet. The poem focuses on the theme of hate and conflict. The focus is to tell a story of how both hate and conflict causes irreversible repercussions. I hope you enjoy and feel free to add comments. Thank you.

The Scars of Hate

Apparently the strength of hate is unconditional,

Yet whenever I see the word it's only two dimensional.

In early days, to my parents it was a red flag,

Causing them to pull from their imaginary lecture bag.

Strongly saying "Hate is a strong word",

“Yeah right, whatever” kick that lesson to the curb.

Other people must have went and did the same,
Nowadays hear the word thrown around like it's a game.

At first it seems harmless, after all it's just word
The thought of it having much effect could be called absurd.

However, hates something that can somewhat, change,
And I don't mean by a simple small shift in name.

No, I mean changing from a word thrown around as a game for fun,
To landing in the wrong hands, morphing to a loaded gun.

Another thing you'll realize is hate is a controlling force,
When it comes to most conflict, you'll find it's usually the major source.

You can also see the difference of hates perspective and mine,
Because, little did you know, hate is actually blind.

As a loaded gun, sure it can still find a target,
And once the bullet is shot there's no way to stop it.

You can try to chase,
You could try to race,

You could even try to meet the bullet halfway to encase.

But it's hard to see any good that would do,

One slip up and that bullet could be going through you.

End up playing yourself like a fiddle.

Wait,

Hold on second,

What about the people in the middle.

Those between the bullet and the target,

I mean, they didn't do nothing wrong, what do they get?

Time to move, any type of warning?

The ability to live on and wake up the next morning and think,

"Damn, yesterday was crazy,

Thanks to that warning the bullet thankfully only grazed me."

Naw, I guess not, if that was the case there wouldn't be bodies in that same spot
the shooting occurred.

The spot where hate in its most lethal form was fired into a crowd,

Where screams of panic were shouted out loud,

Where that target that was meant there to be killed,

In the panic escaped,

What kind of end is that?

Well that effort was pointless,

Well ain't that a fact.

So many innocent lives lost,

And the question has to be asked, at what cost?

The only one who refuses to answer this question,

Is the same person who on that day brandished that weapon of seemingly mass destruction.

When it comes to tragedies such as this you got to look at the construction

Of the action,

Was it an act of passion?

Was it an over complicated chain reaction?

The most anticlimactic answer, yet it's the one that I've chose.

Because, the truth is, nobody knows.

Ask the bystanders and others, why the shooting happened?

Why those people had to die,

And even those you wish to get the answer from, will also ask,

“Why?”

The best person to ask is the person that did it.

They committed the act.

To answer the question they're certainly the most acquitted by fact.

And similar to hate itself,

They would be blind to the answer.